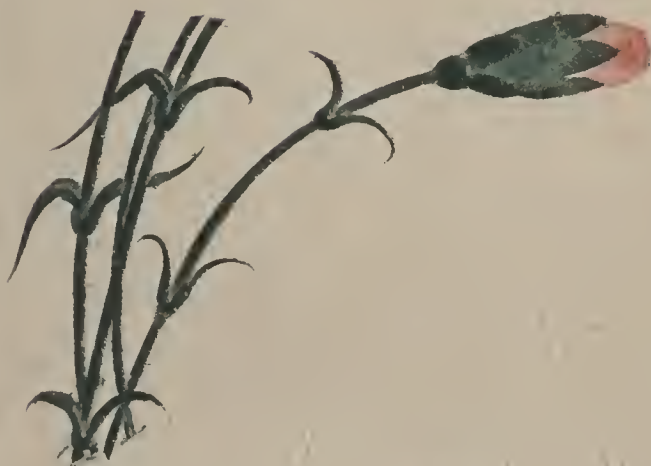


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St. Mary's



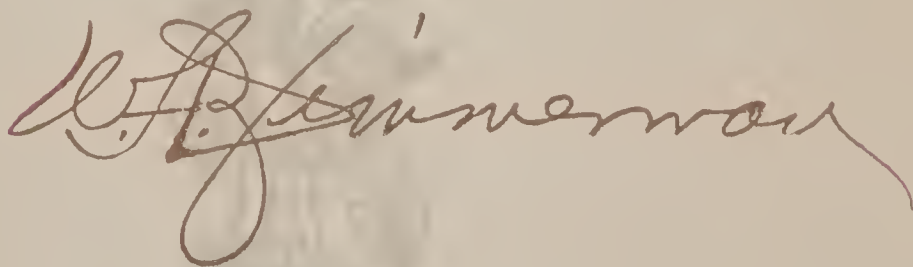
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*This Little Poem is Most Respectfully Dedicated
to The Memory of*

My Mother

*My very first and best friend;
My first admiring sweetheart;
—And my first playmate as well—
Who always did her part:
Who loved me all the way,
Through good report and ill;
Who knew me best—with all my faults—
And gently loved me still.*

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "W. A. Zimmerman". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "W" and a long, sweeping underline.

March 27, 1917.

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W. A. Zimmerman
Salt Lake City, Utah

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Salt Lake City



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no

To My Mother



O, Little Home!—oft far away,—
A sacred form, to me, doth hold;
That fading hair, now thin
and gray,
Those willing hands less
supple than of old.
A memory sweet, and ever dear—
Of a loving heart, a guiding hand;
My Mother—watching near.
But now alone, I, in sweet memory bow
The weary head she oft caressed,
And soothed its tired brow,
Or pillowed it, upon her loving breast
When I was ill, — or tired out,—
And needed only Mother's kiss,
To give me peace, and rest;
Sweet memories,
Of Mother Mine.



FORGIVE, I pray thee, Mother Dear,
For every ache or pain
I may have caused thy loving heart;
If I could live those years again,
I'd show thee, how I'd better play my part.

For all the love thou gavest me—
Unmeasured, unalloyed, and free—

The ruest love now in my heart,
I'd give, my Mother Dear, to thee;
Believe me,

Dearest Mother Mine.



YOU shared my joys and sorrows,
Yes,—those that you could see,
But I brought mine not as free
to you,

As you brought yours to me.

The childhood games you taught me,
In my memory linger still;
What have I brought, repaying,
Thy loving heart to fill?
And yet, as—thoughtless and in selfishness,—
I've wandered far afield,
The prayers you taught and prayed for me,
Have been my guide and shield.
For this body—that I owe to you,—
This mind, this heart, and all,
I'll cherish, love, and thank thee,
Until the Judgment Call.
O Memory Dear,
Of Mother Mine.



THE love of gold, nor fame,
the present
Nor the future, nor wild or reckless
joy,
Has never for one moment turned
thy face

Or heart, from duty,—and your boy.
If perchance these things drew me away,
Into forgetfulness of thy loving care,
Forgive me, Mother dearest;
I'll pay you back, somehow, somewhere,
O, Patient Mother Mine.

I love thee for that pilgrimage,
Which none but Mothers take,—
Down into Death's dark shadows,
With the lives of two at stake.
For your smile at my awakening,—
For your joy when I arose,—
For your kiss, your prayer at even-tide,
When my childhood day would close.
I love and bless that memory,
O, Mother
Dearest, Mine.



THE hands that clothed and fed me,
And toiled for me each day,
Though hard they grew, and
caloused too,
Were tender all the way.

Long were the nights, their watches lonely,
When you nursed me back to health,
And soothed and bathed the burning head,
And stopped the fever's stealth.
There were none who seemed so tender,
No hand as soft as thine;
The songs you sang for me those days,
Seem now like songs Divine.
You made me reverence Motherhood,
With its unselfish Life;
You made me cherish womanhood,
And respect the loving wife.
Long were the years before I knew
The depth of love like yours,
But now, I know the happiness
That parental love insures.
O, hear me now,
Sweet Mother Mine.



I THANK thee for that tender heart,
For the happiness of love—

I thank thee for that faith of thine
In Celestial things above:

For your simple Faith, and Trust
in Him,

And your love for fellow-man;

For hope, that leads us up, and on,

To do the best we can:

For your light that lights the mariner

When the storms of Life shall beat;

For the hand that guided me the way

For my sometimes erring feet.

For all of this, and much besides,

That no mortal tongue, or pen, can tell—

For all of this, yea, much besides,

I now confess, I love thee well,

Though tardy be, I tell it thee,

O, Dearest

Mother Mine.



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